

THE  
OMEN

1



# The Omen

Volume 7, Number 7  
March 15, 1996

## \*\*\* EDITORS \*\*\*

Jonathan Land.....Managing Editor  
Ben Sanders.....Production Editor  
Stephanie Cole.....News Editor  
Scott Matz.....Graphics Editor  
Emily Belz.....Graphics Editor  
Josh Brassard.....Section Hate Editor  
Amber Cortes.....Music Editor

## \*\*\*STAFF\*\*\*

Lauren Ryder.....Typing Abuse  
Some Chick in Dakin.....Printer Abuse  
Gillian Andrews.....Proofreading Abuse  
Casey Nordell.....Staff

## \*\*CONTRIBUTORS\*\*

None, you all suck.

**“We’ll always stand, and never sit.”**  
**-Fresh Kid Ice**

# CONTENTS

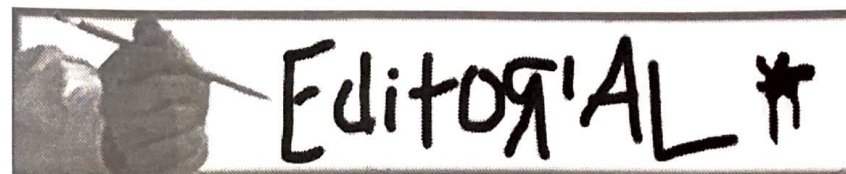
Page 3.....One Man’s Journey  
Page 4...Smash The Frats!!!  
Page 5.....Legal Humor  
Page 6..Casey’s a Wise-Ass  
Page 8.....Police Log!!!  
Page 10.....An Ad For Commencement

## Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?



## Eric is Back...

*[Note to the performer: This is a seasonal performance piece. You can change the names and the descriptions of the places to suit your locale, but the piece is most definitely set in winter. - Eric]*

I felt so ill at work, I left. Man, I just started walking. I needed a place to go to think about things, recent events, my life, those types of things. I climbed up to that hilly area near ASH looking for a hidden area, that’s somewhat secluded to do some good old sitting and thinking.

I found nothing in the form of seating, but there was a lot of knee-deep snow. A nice place to go, but I wouldn’t want to get frostbite there. I dropped my bag off at home, and then I made my way over to the Dakin-Merrill parking lot, with the intention of going to Atkins, just to get away.

I traveled along the path established by 10 or so previous pairs of feet. I came across an area of depressed snow that was relatively walkable and appealing. I turned right and went down it for about a 1/4 mile.

I sat down in the snow. I started to think. I started to experience the most trying emotional pain that I’ve ever encoun-

tered. I just didn’t know what to do with myself. So I did the obvious thing, I stayed there face down in the snow for a time much longer than I’d like to acknowledge.

I just didn’t want to think about things anymore. I just wanted them to be O.K. I went out there to ask myself the questions: “Why do you do this?”, and “Why do you do this to yourself?” I never got around to it.

I got real cold just then. I got up, and I walked farther down the “road”. There, I found a shady wooded area. Not one log or piece of non-snowy ground to sit on and take stock.

I kept walking. I heard cars go by. I saw the road. I went to it. I tried to orient myself, but I had no idea where I was. I turned around. I went back through the woods. I went back to the intersection. I headed towards Atkins. The path seemed deceptively short. I say deceptively because I keep walking down it, but it feels like I’m not getting anywhere. It was like that scene in The Graduate, where Dustin Hoffman is running down the street, and it takes him a minute to leave the frame of the camera, when it looks like it should only take a second.

I get to the road, and I

cross it and go inside Atkins. I sit down, and I start writing this stuff down. I do that. I buy some cheese, sausage, and crackers and leave.

I go back to Hampshire. It’s a beautiful day. A little bright but nice. I haven’t dealt with anything, but I’m feeling better.

What’s my point with all of this? I don’t know. I just know next time to bring a chair.

Eric Goulden  
Performance Artist  
New York City



*No Hidden Messages Here*  
Jonathan Land,  
1996



# SECTION HATE

## God, I Hate the Greek System

Section Hate - 10 March, 1996

Last week, while chomping away at a slice of chicken and onion pizza at Antonio's in town, I stumbled upon a letter on the Op-Ed page of the *Collegian* that stopped me short for a few moments. This letter, co-written by a man and a woman who both hold fairly important positions on Greek system alumni/ae councils, addressed the mounting furor at UMass - and, indeed, throughout the whole Five College system - over the alleged rape that occurred at the Pike frat house a couple of weekends ago, during the tail end of Rush Week at UMass. It also addressed the rally and march that was held on Friday, 01 March, starting at the Haigis Mall and continuing on up University Drive to the so-called "Frat Row" lining either side of North Pleasant Street just short of the University, pausing briefly in front of the aforementioned Pike house. There has been an escalating anger at UMass over the past few weeks toward the Greek system in general, and this letter was written in defense of that system.

But it was more than that. The authors of this letter were not

content in just defending the inherent virtue and benefits of the Greek system; they implied that, in fact, the Greek system educates their members - the "brothers" and "sisters" - on the horrors of sexual assault better than any other student group. The authors completely denied that rape and other forms of sexual assault were a problem in fraternities and sororities and accused the students who would say there is a problem of utter ignorance - or words to that effect. The letter was not so blatantly worded, but the sentiment behind their somewhat couched phrases was clear. It has been said that the best defense is a good offense, and there was no doubt in my mind as I read this letter that this was, indeed, what the authors were doing, defending their own by going on the swift offensive.

I felt a swift rise of fury as I finished the letter and dropped the *Collegian* to the dirty tabletop in the crowded pizzeria. Anyone who knows me well knows that I have an all-encompassing hatred of the Greek system . . . and the sheer temerity of this letter set my anger to boiling. I had heard of the incident in question - the rape of one (or possibly two) women by one or more parties at the Pike house

during the last weekend of February - and was, of course, angered by the whole thing. But along with that anger came a sense of impotence. I feel certain that the full weight of law will not come to bear upon the guilty parties in this crime - and, in my mind, there is no "guilty until proven innocent," for I have heard too many stories, had too much contact with frat boys, to extend that right to them - precisely because the Greek system is an inbred old boy network that fiercely protects its own. So my anger was colored by this impotence and I was resigned to the knowledge that, yet again, justice will not be done. But this letter seemed to flaunt the power of the Greek system. It was as if they were saying, "You cannot touch us. We are above you. Fuck off and die, you pathetic little miscreants."

God, I fucking hate the Greek system.

The Greek system is, indeed, very powerful, almost insurmountably so at times. It is a modern American aristocracy - and, like all aristocracies, it feeds itself, building its power base through nepotism and archaic rites of passage. It is a closed

*Continued on next page*

## Smash the Frats!

*Continued from previous page*

society that is difficult to get in to, but once you're in, you're in for life. The overriding motivation behind the Greek system - and this is especially true in regards to frats - is to protect your brothers at all costs. And it does not matter how old you are, or where you are - once you are a brother, you can call upon the support of *all* brothers, graduated or not. And because of this support system, members of the Greek system - like members of any aristocracy - believe they can get away with anything. In most cases, they can.

I am constantly amazed that frats and sororities continue to draw in members. The abuses executed by the Greek system are well-known, if not well-documented. So why the fuck do so many seemingly right-minded students continue to buy into this never-ending cycle of absurdity? Well, I have a theory about that (surprise, surprise). Greek chapter houses are found in their largest numbers at large universities, like our own beloved UMass. Imagine, if you will, being a student at one of these immense schools, a freshman, not knowing anyone, on your own for the first time, more than a little scared. The Greek system offers a sense of family, of brethren, of support without judgment - that is, should you actually be initiated. This is a seductive appeal that ensnares so many into a self-perpetuating system of abuses

and a sense of doing no wrong. Yet how do you fight this appeal? Well, short of banning the Greek system entirely, you can't. And, as much as I, personally, would like nothing more than to see every motherfucking frat house burned to the ground, I realize that the Greek system *cannot* be banned in its entirety. It would be, unfortunately, illegal.

All that can be done is to reign the Greek system in, to slap sanctions on them when it is apparent that this chapter or that has committed grievous wrongs. I would like to see UMass - should the party or parties who committed the rape at the Pike house be proven guilty - to make the entire chapter pay for their brothers' crimes. There is opportunity here to set horrible, far-reaching precedent, but I believe it would be a good way to show the brothers that there are just some things you *can't* back your other brothers on. Of course, most univer-

sities would never do such a thing, for fear of losing the contributions of well-off alumni who are also Greek system alumni. Money makes the academic world go round.

And that is, as they say, that for this week's Section Hate. You got questions? comments? hate mail? criticisms of the writing style (which is, I admit, not very good this week)? Send 'em my way, frat boy: box 21 (snail mail) or jobF92@hamp.hampshire.edu (email). Or, hey, you could write for The Omen. We'll protect you. Really, we will.

So, till next we meet in this den of iniquity, remember, kiddies: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

Phi Delta Thppth (est. 1996).

Josh Brassard  
Section Hate Editor

## I Can't Believe We Printed This

So Steven Segal, that bane of all Aikido aficionados, is in another movie. Snuggled down with a Saranac and cigarette, I was watching *The X-Files* on Friday night, and I caught the explosion-laden, T-and-A stocked extravaganza ad for it. The movie promises to be a testosterone battle of wills and

wits (sure) between Segal and some other actor also overburdened with mighty thews and a tan. It is called "Executive Decision."

This title, playing into the recent trend of movie names with

*Continued on page 9*



## Casey, Didn't You Do The Posters?

The SAGA Smoke-In:  
It was a pathetic failure, but  
was it a good idea?

You may or may not have heard about this, but someone or some group of people (calling themselves the *Hampshire Smokers' Coalition*) went around campus recently and posted signs proclaiming that there was going to be some sort of "Smoke-In" at SAGA this past Friday. The event, of course, was a complete failure and this article will discuss some speculations as to why, but first let's mention the outcome.

The night of the supposed "event", a SAGA worker walked around the back room as six o'clock neared (the place and time the event was called for) and handed out little fliers containing the following:

HEY, YOU WITH THE  
CIGARETTE!!!!

Thanks for your concern about the lack of smoking space in the Hampshire dining commons. It's wonderful to see youth denouncing apathy and rallying around important issues.

BUT, you see, SAGA no longer allows smoking because THE TOWN OF AMHERST NO LONGER ALLOWS SMOKING IN PUBLIC ESTABLISHMENTS such as this. If you want to change this municipal ordinance, take your butts to Town

Hall. Until then, as per Amherst regulation, lighting up earns you a not insignificant fine.

Thank you for expanding your political consciousness at SAGA. Remember, SAGA loves you (and your butts).

Very well written, I might add, with the mild sarcasm in paragraph one, the cute pun and lawyer-ese type double negative in paragraph two, and the reassuring, riot calming message in paragraph three. Someone at SAGA decided to deal with this well, and the message, translated "Look, we like you (a little) but it's really out of our hands so don't make us fine you, because we are serious," certainly managed to make anyone thinking of participating in this "event" think twice.

So let's look at what happened. Some kid tried to start some thing and some SAGA person stopped it (if it were ever going to happen anyway). I was sitting in the back room eagerly awaiting the response to this from both sides (knowing this would make great article fodder). Unfortunately, I have nothing to report from the event. No one lit up. No one was fined. No one was slammed against the wall and told to "Put the butt down!" Nothing happened at all. Nothing.

Or did it?

Despite the lack of orga-

nization (and the lack of an organization) this idea wasn't all that bad. Let's look at all the aspects. Some one, (or some people) wanted to smoke in SAGA. Not too unreasonable a request, really. I can understand how people like to smoke after a good (ahem) meal. And, dammit, it sure is cold outside this time of year (even now in "Spring" semester). Smoking outside must be a pain in the ass, I'm sure. And there are an awful lot of smokers here (and not all of them live in smoking halls, you know, but that's really their fault). So this rule (law) is an inconvenience at least. And bitter hypocritical turnaround at most.

Remember when lots of eating establishments didn't have non-smoking sections and all the non-smokers bitched and moaned. Then there were laws that every eating establishment must have a non-smoking section. And now, as they've done in Amherst, the can be no "smoking sections". It seems a little unfair, doesn't it? To turn the situation completely around and make the other side complain? "No smoking in public establishments" is what the law says. So there's no smoking in restaurants in Amherst. But that's not true. Just head out to the Hampshire Mall, and walk into the Ground Round, and as you walk in, they will cheerily ask you "Smoking or no?" (I highly suggest going there, by the way, and be sure to

*Continued on next page*

## That's Right, Casey Did the Posters...

*Continued from previous page*

keep asking them to refill your popcorn. Also, Roberta's granddaughter works there. Her name's Holly. You can ask for her, but I digress).

So not ALL restaurants follow the law, eh? And who is to say that SAGA is a restaurant? That is, is SAGA really a "public establishment" that is subject to this law? Apparently they think so. But I would think that this is a grey area. Can anybody just walk into SAGA and get a meal? No, it's designed mostly for college students going here, to this private institution. For instance, I have friends who live on smoking halls. They can smoke in their rooms, and in the lounge. Are not these public spaces? No, of course not. But is SAGA? I really don't think so either. No more than a smoking hall is. If you live in a smoking dorm room, you don't own it. You are renting it in your housing plan, so therefore it is not public and you can smoke there because it is "yours" (in some sense of the word). But every person is paying for SAGA (likewise in their meal plan) as much as any other person, so could not this be considered a "non-public area" with smoking rooms and non-smoking rooms, just as, say, Dakin has smoking rooms and non-smoking rooms?

Of course, the rule states that a smoker can't smoke in any "public areas" of (even) the

(smoking) hall, such as the actual hall itself, or in the bathroom or stairwell. This is because (of the law and) of non-smokers walking through these areas being assailed with the carcinogenic air (god forbid). My point is, when the back room of SAGA was a smoking room, people knew it was. No one was unknowingly assailed by unclean air. It was a smoking room and people treated it thus. (In fact, speaking to an older student I've heard that is was cool. The whole atmosphere of the room was different then. Non-smokers would sit back there just to be with their friends because it was so great.) Yeah, the health conscious stir-friers might get upset, but then move the stir-fry. What I'm saying is that the back room of SAGA is a "public area" only if you define it as such. If it is set off and labeled as a smoking area, it doesn't have to be.

Okay, let's raise the other point: That this person's actions were directed in the wrong place. She/he/they should not have focused this event on SAGA, one could say, because SAGA has no place allowing a municipal ordinance to be broken because it is out of their control. This is not entirely true. Let's look at a past similar event. The library lawn smoke-in's, sponsored by Hemp. Here the smoking of a **federally** illegal substance was advocated by an on campus, school-funded group, on campus in a public area (where busses stop and cars

park). The first smoke-in (the fall before last) was publicized when Hemp placed signs all over campus, and indeed Amherst, and Northampton (where [the latter], incidentally, it is illegal to post signs) without notifying Hampshire first. Hampshire was indeed irked at the action, but eventually said something along the lines of: we're gonna let you have it because we basically cannot stop you? Why the hell not? They have federal law on their side, right? It is really out of Hampshire's control to allow its students to break that law, but they did allow it, did they not? And there was one this fall, without retaliation. And one scheduled again for April 29th this spring. So my point is, why then with a federal law, and not now with a puny municipal ordinance.

So let's overview and kill this horse. Someone (at least one person) is interested in smoking in SAGA. There's a view on campus, that one is not in, Massachusetts, or even in America, but one is at Hampshire College. And people around here don't appreciate the government tampering with our space. This is where we live. This is where we sleep and eat. And we don't care if some stuffy town haller signed some piece of paper at some desk telling us we can't smoke in our dining commons. He doesn't go to Hampshire. He doesn't care about us (any more than we care

*Continued on next page*



## Police Log!!!

### Assault:

Thursday March 7, 1996:  
17:00 CFS 96-696 Enfield.  
Students reported prior assault.

### Distress Alarm:

Thursday March 7, 1996:  
08:13 CFS 96-720 Dakin.  
Accidental.

### Disturbance:

Monday March 4, 1996:  
20:31 CFS 96-686 Enfield.  
Glass broken in the area of 67.  
Thursday March 7, 1996:  
03:10 CFS 96-719 Soccer

## The End of Casey

*Continued from previous page*  
about him). Hampshire isn't really a part of Amherst. Some innocent non-smoker isn't going to be walking down the streets of Amherst and accidentally turn into the doors of SAGA, get a whiff of smoke and die from emphysema. SAGA is no more of a public smoking place than the K3 lounge, so I think all the bureaucratic tight-wads should give up there little piece of shitty legislation and stop the poor people who have developed a habit from having to freeze their asses off in 14 inches of snow and below freezing wind-temperatures.

And that's all I have to say about that.

News and Editorial by:  
Casey Nordell

Field.  
People yelling.

### Drug Abuse Violation:

Wednesday March 6, 1996:  
00:15 CFS 96-705 Merrill.  
Drug paraphernalia confiscated.

### Fire Alarm:

Monday March 4, 1996:  
17:11 CFS 96-683 Prescott.  
Cooking smoke in 72.  
Tuesday March 5, 1996:  
23:56 CFS 96-704 Merrill.  
Small fire in bathroom trash can.

### Fire Hazard:

Thursday March 7, 1996:  
14:29 CFS 96-725 Dining Commons.  
Odor investigation.  
20:25 CFS 96-732 Enfield.  
Outside grill checked - all ok.

### Intrusion Alarm:

Thursday March 7, 1996:  
13:58 CFS 96-723 Bob Stiles.  
Accidental.

### Larceny:

Monday March 4, 1996:  
09:54 CFS 96-678 Red Barn.  
Cash and credit card reorted stolen.  
Tuesday March 5, 1996:  
14:45 CFS 96-693 FPH.  
Computer repoted stolen.  
21:25 CFS 96-702 Music and Dance.

Money reported stolen from pocket book.

### Motor Vehicle Tow:

Friday March 8, 1996:  
21:24 CFS 96-745 Bus Stop.  
Vehicle removed from bus stop.  
Saturday March 10, 1996:  
01:34 CFS 96-764 Enfield Circle.  
Vehicle towed from fire lane.

### Parking:

Thursday March 7, 1996:  
16:15 CFS 96-727 Prescott.  
Vehicle to be removed from quad.

### Personal Illness:

Wednesday March 6, 1996:  
23:40 CFS 96-717 Merrill.  
Student transported to CDH.

### Personal Injury:

Saturday March 10, 1996:  
23:35 CFS 96-771 Prescott.  
Knee injury.

### Special Service:

Wednesday March 6, 1996:  
18:22 CFS 96-714 Greenwich.  
Motorist assisted with stuck vehicle.  
Friday March 8, 1996:  
16:36 CFS 96-737 RCC.  
Lock removed for owner.

### Suspicious Person:

Saturday March 10, 1996:  
17:56 CFS 96-769 Main Entrance.  
Unable to locate anyone.

### Suspicious Vehicle:

Thursday March 7, 1996:  
14:35 CFS 96-726 Dakin.  
Operator spoken to - no prob-

*Continued on next page*

## Mmm... Constitutional Humor

*Continued from page 4*

legally trite appellations ("Murder in the First," "Patriot Games," "Body of Evidence," "Above the Law," yada yada), put me in a strange mood. I began to wonder where it would all end...how much more of this crap could they churn out? Thinking about churning out crap, however, led me to think of my Div III, which is on the U.S. Constitution—and the question was answered. It will *never* end. Because even if sports terminology, legalese, traffic lingo, cooking terms, and ever goddam axiom less than seven syllables were all used up, we would still have the tritely brilliant phraseology of our Founding Fathers.

[Drum Roll...a truck is heading for what is clearly demarcated as a state line...the sun

## The End of The Log

*Continued from previous page*  
lem.

### Traffic:

Thursday March 7, 1996:  
19:00 CFS 96-729 Greenwich.  
Vehicle in snow bank.  
Friday March 8, 1996:  
19:01 CFS 96-744 Cole.  
Vehicle stuck in snow.  
Sunday March 10, 1996:  
18:42 CFS 96-770 Multi-Sport.  
Excessive speed.

is setting... Cue the Carmina Burana...the truck explodes as it crosses the border.]

Voice-over: Someone is out there, determined to jeopardize our domestic tranquility. Someone is out there, disturbing our inter-state peace. And only one man can stop him...

SEGAL (jumping on-screen): My name is Jack Quixote. But you can call me J.Q. Public, terrorist scum.

[SEGAL beats the tar out of some sucker with one hand, and protects the female lead, LAETTITA GIGANTICA, with the other.]

Voice-over: Steven Segal plays a man dedicated to the protection of our domestic imports. John Malkovich plays yet another psycho, this one driven to create a need for even more taxes. Together, they bring to life the drama that is....[even more drums] COMMERCE CLAUSE.

Coming soon to a theater near you.

Well. Once this little scenario went through my head, it was no holds barred on the Constitutional catch-phrase as movie game.

"He thought he was invincible, but he thought wrong—he thought without Congress. Anthony Hopkins brings to life yet another loser President in...POWER OF IMPEACHMENT." [Art. 1, Section 2]

"Nicholas Cage thought it would be a little job with a big profit. But sometimes, life isn't what you expect. Catch his wacky antics in...RAISING REVENUE." [Art. 1, Section 7]

"See Madonna in the role she was born for...an American Cicciolina...a brilliant sequel to 'Truth of Dare'....OATH, OR AFFIRMATION" [Art. 1, section 3]

"It isn't easy being the first black president, especially when gang warfare has infiltrated the Pentagon. But now the White House has it's own 'Batman.' See Samuel Jackson in...SUPPRESSING INSURRECTION." [Art. 1, section 8]

"Sharon Stone discovers there's more to see in Washington than the ceiling of the Oval Office. Witness her coming-of-age in HABEAS CORPUS." [Art. 1, Section 9]

"Woody Harrelson and Juliet Lewis reunite to light up the screen in the movie about a presidential scandal...NATURAL BORN CITIZEN." [Article 2, Section 1]

"Chris Farley and David Spade star in this wacky comedy about a president who bumbles through office in LAME DUCK."

Well, I could go on, but this

*Continued on next page*

# **This May... At Graduation...**

**Student Speaker: John Haggerty**

**Co-Moderators: Scott Tundermann  
Stephanie Cole**

***A Vote for them is a  
vote for brevity, verity  
and lots of Beer***

---

## **It's Finally Over...**

*Continued from previous page*

is sick enough already; I'm probably the only one who finds this shit even remotely funny (a test reading on my hall seems to back this up). Just remember, when the someone finally makes a movie called SEARCH...AND SEIZURE (about an epileptic FBI agent) I was that gal who saw it coming.

**Stephanie Cole  
The Hampshire Omen**